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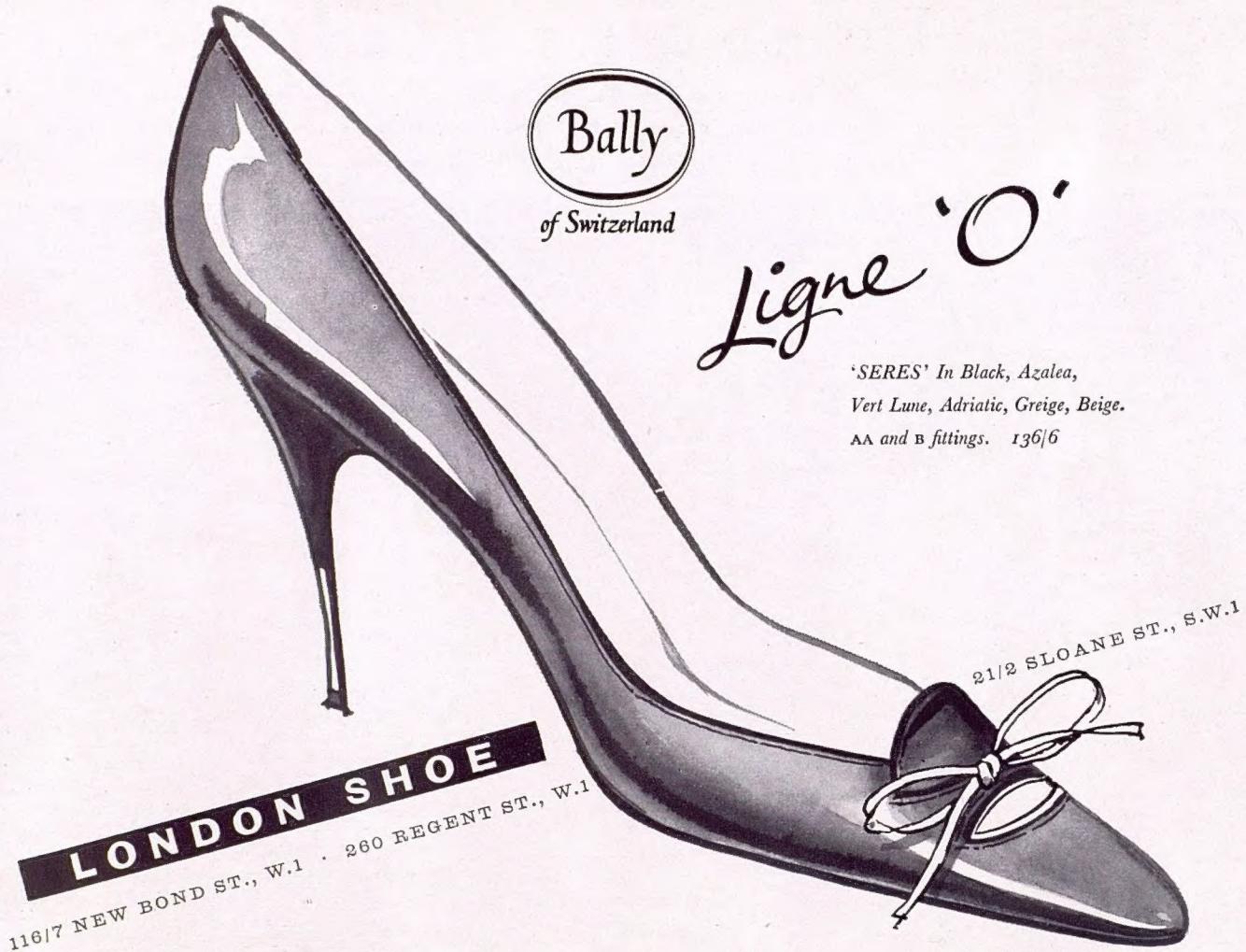
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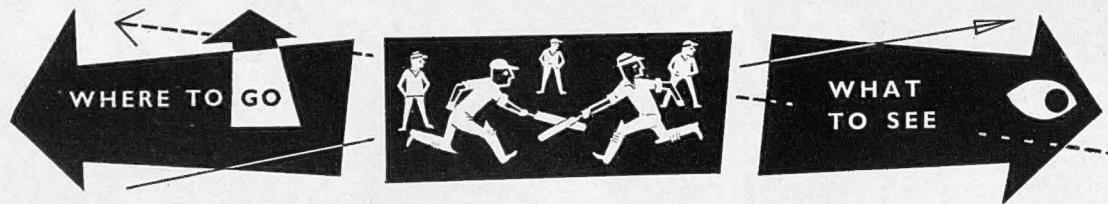
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Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

IN the last two years English Test cricket has swung giddily between extremes. Triumph over the West Indians turned to Dead Sea Ashes in Australia. It is to be hoped that this unhealthy trapeze act has come to an end, and that with the visit of the Indian team a sense of proportion will be restored. Tests will be played at **Trent Bridge** (4 June), **Lord's** (18 June), **Leeds** (2 July), **Old Trafford** (23 July) and **The Oval** (20 August). The visitors'

first knock in England will be, traditionally, at **Worcester** (29 April). Whoever first chose this beautiful small city as the spot where overseas cricketers first make close acquaintance with this country did not lack imagination.

The laws—particularly the unwritten ones—of cricket did not apply in medieval Italy, a thought prompted by the revival of Shelley's blood-boiled melodrama **The Cenci**. It will be put on at the Old Vic on 29 April, with Hugh Griffith, Veronica Turleigh and John Phillips in the leading rôles.

The Cenci was last produced in 1926. The part of Beatrice was then taken by Sybil Thorndike, and two juniors of the cast were Laurence Oliver and Jack Hawkins. So in spite of its subject *The Cenci* must be a lucky play.

Theatrical satanism appears to be in season, for an amateur production of Webster's **The White Devil** will be staged at the Oxford Playhouse on 27 April for a week.

Holidaymakers in the Isle of Wight have now a new attraction to visit. **Osborne House**, Queen Victoria's marine residence, is being

reopened to the public on certain days. This 19th-century shrine should be particularly popular now that Victoriana is making such a determined (though many of us hope ill-fated) come-back.

What may be called "friendly" golf fixtures are holding their own against the big tournaments. On Saturday the **Professional-Amateur Invitation Foursomes** (a newcomer last year) will be held at the Beaconsfield Golf Club with many Ryder Cup players competing. The start is at 8.45 a.m.

Christie's sale for the Historic Churches Preservation Trust has been put forward to 8 July, and gifts for it can be received at Fulham Palace up to 23 May.

Mentioned recently, the Pinto Collection of Wooden Bygones is now open on Bank Holidays, and Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays between 2 p.m. and 6.45 p.m.

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Fool's Paradise (Apollo). ". . . Mr. Peter Coke's new farce . . . the piece has . . . a disarming quality, and of this Miss Courtneidge makes the most."

Clown Jewels (Victoria Palace). "The Crazy Gang . . . effortlessly embody the spirit of Cockneydom . . . their fooling has mellowed into a kind of subtlety proper to itself."

A Taste Of Honey (Wyndham's

THE TATLER TEAM TIPS (from recent contributions):

Theatre). "Miss Delaney has a remarkably good ear for the language of the Lancashire back streets . . . we step from a sublimated music-hall sketch to slow-moving, realistic drama."

Wolf's Clothing (Strand Theatre). ". . . Mr. Horne's farcical comedy . . . goes on working smoothly up to the final curtain . . . pleasing entertainment."

The Long & The Short & The

Tall (New Theatre). "A patrol lost in the Malayan jungle . . . they talk as soldiers talk when their nerves are on edge . . . this unease communicates itself to the audience, growing more and more sensitive to mounting tension."

Living For Pleasure (Garrick). "A good revue. . . . Miss Dora Bryan . . . brings home the laughter."

Fancied films

BY ELSPEETH GRANT

Eve Wants To Sleep. "The second Polish film to come my way . . . a satirical and sometimes surrealist comedy . . . I think you will undoubtedly be amused."

Goha. ". . . can properly be described as an Arab film . . . it is quite exceptionally beautiful."

The Word. "Herr Victor Sjöström gives a stupendous performance as an arrogant, proud, church-going old farmer."

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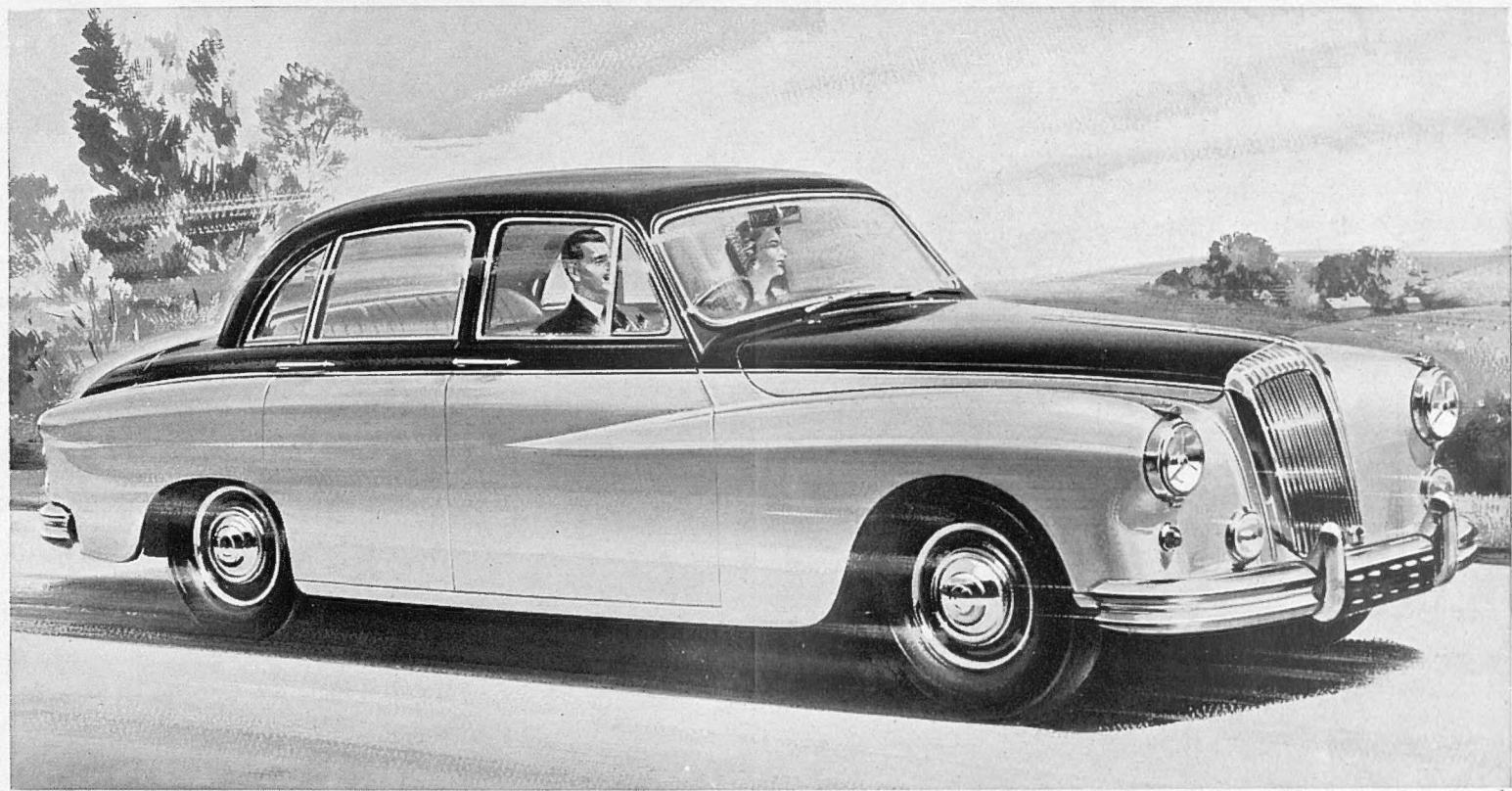


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John Bolster: 'The disc brakes of the Majestic can only be described as perfect.' **John Eason Gibson:** 'Confidence given by the excellent braking assists the driver to achieve average speeds more normal on a specialist high performance car.' **The Motor:** 'The brakes in fact form a most appropriate complement to the very notable performance.' **Stirling Moss:** 'The disc brakes are fabulous—light, progressive and fade free.' (*Disc brakes all round, are included in the standard specification without extra charge.*)

AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION

The Motor: 'The automatic transmission . . . suits the Majestic extremely well. A refinement is a separate intermediate-gear lock which prevents the transmission automatically changing up when the accelerator pedal is eased.' **Top Gear:** 'The automatic transmission makes for simplicity in handling and it is a fact that its utilisation cuts driving manipulations by 70%.'

John Bolster: 'This big unit (the engine) suits the Borg-Warner transmission particularly well and one is immediately impressed by the liveliness of the car.' (*Automatic Transmission is included in the standard specification without extra charge.*)

REMARKABLE ACCELERATION

John Bolster: '... the fierce acceleration in the lower ranges continues right up the scale almost to the maximum speed, which is comfortably over 100 m.p.h.' **John Eason Gibson:** 'The performance was impressive; if the kick down was used the acceleration was reminiscent of a sports car.' **Stirling Moss:** 'You can make 80 or 90 come up on the speedometer very quickly and the maximum is over 100 m.p.h.' **The Motor:** 'Acceleration times: 0-30, 4.4 secs; 0-60, 14.2 secs; 0-90, 35.9 secs.'

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The Motor: 'The Majestic will carry six people in complete comfort and without the squeezing that is necessary on many cars which pass for six-seaters.' **John Eason Gibson of Country Life:** 'While the suspension is soft and comfortable, clever design has almost entirely eliminated roll. Once one is accustomed to the car, corners can be taken fast and with complete security and stability.' **Stirling Moss (in the Sunday Times):** '... there is no wallow even when cornering fast. Steering is light and accurate . . . Visibility is very good—you can easily see both front wings.' **The Financial Times:** 'The spacious interior of the Majestic is made all the more convenient by virtue of the floor being almost flat.' **John Bolster:** 'The price of the Daimler must be regarded as strictly reasonable; in fact several of my friends suggested that it should cost over £4,000.'

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PASSPORT—a weekly travel column

Touring in Connemara

by DOONE BEAL

SOME PLACES seem less than one had expected of them, and others infinitely more. Connemara, on the west coast of Ireland, belongs in the second category.

I saw this remote and beautiful countryside on an unexpectedly blue and golden day last month. My driver and the locals all told me that such weather was no exception during both May and June, and expressed their astonishment that more tourists did not visit the country then instead of crowding into the traditional August season. It would be unrealistic not to expect a sight of Ireland's milky mists whatever the time of year, but I can only say that its beauty on a good day is more than compensation for the dull ones.

First requisite to enjoy Ireland is a car. There is now no restriction or formality about bringing your own over by sea, and self-drive cars cost from 13 guineas a week including unlimited free mileage.

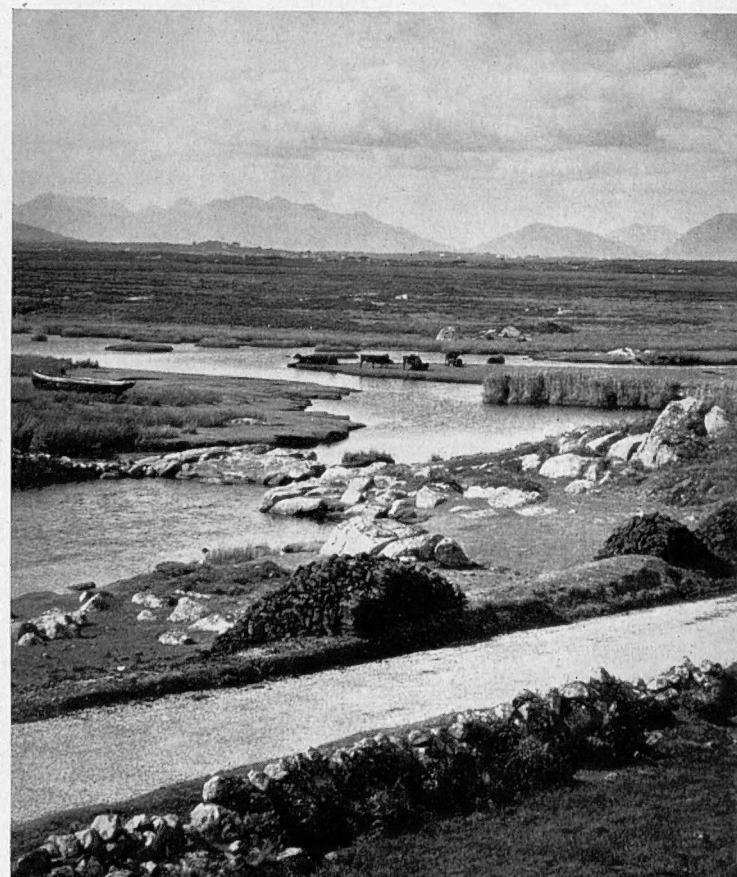
I drove to Connemara on the

main road from Dublin and on the way I passed through Athlone. In the main street of this lovely old town is a saddlers' shop cum bar, where the smell of Guinness mixes readily with the scent of leather. Counting the obvious interlude therein, the journey took about three hours from point to point. There are equally good roads and, I believe, beautiful country, if one drives instead from Shannon Airport up through County Clare.

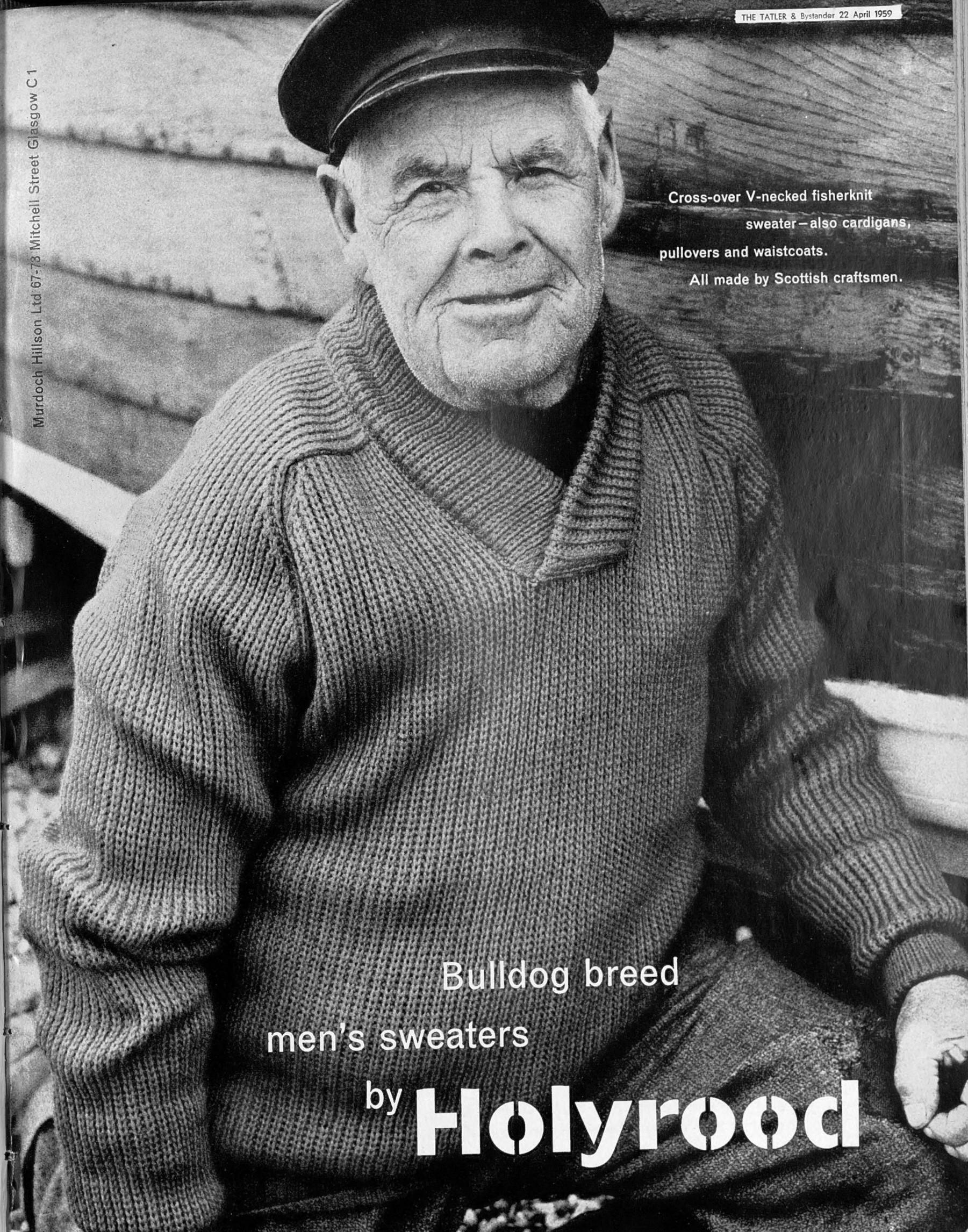
Galway, the county town and Ireland's fourth city, has long been a haven for sailors. Near the fish market is the Spanish Arch and Parade, once a favourite promenade of Spanish merchants and their families. In the early 14th-century church of St. Nicholas, Columbus is said to have worshipped, and the tradition is borne out by the fact that a Galway man named Rice de Culvey accompanied him on his voyage of discovery.

Galway's chief hotel, the Great Southern, is far from being either

continued overleaf



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PASSPORT continued

historic or lovely but, with the transient visitor in mind, it is extremely efficient, and has a good restaurant plus its own shop (open till midnight). Here you can pick among some gimmicky souvenirs for good buys in traditional black shawls, Isle of Aran sweaters and the celadon-coloured Connemara marble. In the town, O'Maille, still looking like an old-fashioned haberdashers, is one of the most famous Irish tweed shops in the world.

20th-century transport seems anachronistic among the tinkers' caravans which trail in apparent somnambulance along the roads, the briskly jingling pony carts, donkeys flicking their ears by the roadside, slow-moving cattle, and sheep that jostle and skitter

seems, is either too late or too much trouble. At Renvyle, on the north-west coast, Mr. Naughton, the manager of Renvyle House (a hotel converted from a Lutyens house), told me: "I might not be able to serve a Lobster Thermidor to guests who called at four in the afternoon for lunch, but they could always have some cold salmon." Later in the evening, he moves into the kitchen and attends personally to the grills served to latecomers around 11 p.m. (The restaurant is open to non-residents.) Renvyle has a nine-hole golf course, lake fishing (which is free if you row your own boat), and riding. Full terms are from 38s. rising to 2 gns. a day in the July/September season. Understandably, it gets heavily booked.



Angling on Lough Corrib, Co. Galway

just in front of the mudguard (never try to hurry!).

If one can attempt to delineate the beauty of Connemara, I think it is the flashes of landlocked water that stay in the memory; and the narrow, steel blue streams that eel their way among the rushes. The highland heart of the country is mountainous without ever being claustrophobic—always there are gaps between the mountains, with yet more water meeting acres of sky.

At Oughterard, about 45 minutes' drive away from Galway, is the Lake Hotel. This is a good centre from which to tour Connemara, to walk, to ride, or—of course—to fish for carp, trout and salmon. A day's fishing costs about 35s. for the boat and the men. Jim Egan, who runs the Lake Hotel, describes his fare as simple—but it emerges that he can offer superb steaks, trout and Irish ham. Rates are 35s. a day with food (10s. extra for room with bath), or 12 gns. a week.

In this casual and hospitable part of the world nothing, it

The Zetland Arms, near Cashel Bay, is equally in the wilds and overlooks a lake dappled with tiny, peat-covered islands. It is a small hotel with a house partyish atmosphere, catering perhaps to slightly older people than Renvyle. It is extremely comfortable—ordered, leisurely and noiseless (a rule of the house is no radio, no TV and no piano). The food is good but not elaborate. The object, for most visitors, is the fishing, both lake and river. Charges are 38s. a day or 10 gns a week, inclusive, up to May 31, and brown trout fishing during the spring is free. From June to September, 16 gns. a week includes full board and fishing—13 without. Best part of the season for salmon and sea trout is from July 1 to October 12.

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Barclay—Harley: Miss Susan Elizabeth Barclay, daughter of Sir Roderick and Lady Barclay, the British Embassy, Copenhagen, & Great White End, Latimer, married Mr. Christopher Charles Harley, son of Major and Mrs. Ralph Harley, Brampton Bryan, Herefordshire, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Hesse—Windisch-Graetz: Princess Dorothea of Hesse, daughter of the late Prince Christopher of Hesse and of Princess George of Hanover, of Salem, Baden, married Prince Frederick Windisch-Graetz, son of Prince and Princess Hugo Windisch-Graetz, of Trieste, at St. George's Church, Munich, Bavaria



Nicholl—McLaggan: Miss Jennifer A. Nicholl, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. I. Nicholl, Merthyr Mawr, Bridgend, Glamorgan, married Mr. Murray A. McLaggan, son of Sir Douglas & Lady McLaggan, Harley St., W.1, at St. Mary's, Bridgend



Shutte-Smith—Austin: Miss Josephine R. A. Shutte-Smith, daughter of Mrs. J. Shutte-Smith & the late Mr. C. Shutte-Smith, Cobham, Surrey, married Cdr. Peter M. Austin, son of Lady Austin & the late Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Austin, at St. Mary's, Stoke d'Abernon, Surrey



Wardrop-Moore—Murray: Miss Avril Jocelyn Wardrop-Moore, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. Wardrop-Moore, Allen St., W.8, married Lt. Douglas N. T. Murray, R.N., son of Mr. & Mrs. T. P. D. Murray, Brechin, Angus, at St. James's, Piccadilly



Everington—Edwards: Miss Jill Mary Everington, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. D. Everington, Castleacre, Norfolk, married Mr. Peter Guy Edwards, son of Brig. & Mrs. C. T. Edwards, Lists House, Ilusthwaite, Yorks, at Castleacre Church, Norfolk



Howells—de St. Dalmas: Miss Margaret Howells, daughter of Ald. Lt.-Col. and Mrs. P. Howells, Tenby, married Mr. Anthony F. de St. Dalmas, son of Mr. D. de St. Dalmas, Newport, Mon., & Mrs. E. de St. Dalmas, Weston-s-Mare, at St. Mary's, Tenby



Fitzherbert - Brockholes—Moore : Miss Joan Fitzherbert-Brockholes, daughter of Major & the Hon. Mrs. J. Fitzherbert-Brockholes, Claughton, Lancs., married Mr. Arthur J. Moore, son of Capt. Charles Moore, Tipperary, at St. James's, Spanish Place

Smiles from Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt at a luncheon given at Quaglino's by the publishers of her new book.

Jennifer describes below another luncheon given in Mrs. Roosevelt's honour



THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXXII No. 3015

22 April 1959

TWO SHILLINGS WEEKLY

NEXT WEEK: *The Kentucky Derby* (run the first Saturday in May) is described by Muriel Bowen in all its razzmatazz. A new writer, *Malcolm Bradbury*, looks back with laughter on the time he was stranded in Florence. Picture study of an historic auction for Winchester cathedral.

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Desmond O'Neill

SOCIAL JOURNAL

The Lord Mayor's tribute to Mrs. Roosevelt

by JENNIFER

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT had a big welcome when she arrived at the Foyle literary luncheon, given in her honour at the Dorchester to celebrate the publication of her latest book *On My Own*. The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Harold Gillett, was in the chair and made the opening speech after lunch. He was followed by Sir Oliver Franks, British Ambassador in Washington from 1948-52, who made an exceptionally good speech. He said he had known the late President Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt and members of their family since he first worked in Washington in the early 30s, and paid a charming tribute to this great lady. Mrs. Roosevelt then responded with a forthright and sincere speech.

Luncheon guests included a number of revered ladies, each famous in her own sphere, among them Lady Churchill, Nancy Viscountess Astor, Baroness Ravensdale and Lady Violet Bonham-Carter (who had Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, m.p., between them), Countess Attlee and Dame Sybil Thorndike. Representatives of political parties also included Viscount Chandos, Earl Attlee (looking rejuvenated after his recent lecture tour in America), Viscount Samuel and Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, m.p. Miss Christine Foyle, who has run these literary lunches so well for 29 years, is to be congratulated on this gathering at which there were about



Miss Elizabeth Hallinan to Mr. Carl Gordon Ziegler. She is the daughter of Sir Eric & Lady Hallinan, of Port of Spain, Trinidad, and Lake View, Midleton, County Cork. He is the son of Mr. H. C. Ziegler, Haslemere, and of Mrs. V. Matheson, Tønsberg, Norway

700 guests. It was a most successful occasion.

Débutantes used chopsticks

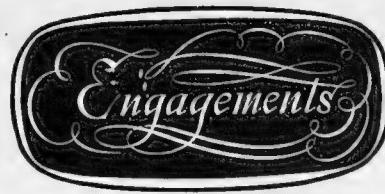
Mrs. William Chippindall-Higgin, whose attractive daughter Miss Peta-Carolyn Stocker is a débutante this year, is always keen to have parties with a difference. She had the original idea of a débutante fork luncheon party in their St. John's Wood home, with all Chinese food. This delicious meal was served by Chinese waiters in coats of coloured satin. Most of the young guests (numbering about 50) were enterprising and ate with chopsticks and each on leaving was presented with an ivory pair.

Peta-Carolyn, who wore a simple navy blue dress which emphasized her tiny waist, was an excellent young hostess, looking after her guests well. Among them I saw Lady Lemina Gordon attractive in blue, the Hon. Elizabeth Anson, Miss Laura Wallace, Miss Amanda Glyn, Miss Diane Lillingston, Miss Anna Maria Baricalla, a gay and vivacious girl, Miss Caroline Hutchison, who is sharing a coming-out dance with Peta-Carolyn in July, Miss Susan Campbell-Orde, Miss Sarah-Jane Trusted, and Miss Ginnie Ropner, whose mother, Lady Ropner, gave an enjoyable cocktail party for her the following evening in their Lennox Gardens home. She is having her coming-out dance in September at their Yorkshire home.

Miss Jennifer Keown-Boyd was enjoying the Chinese food as also were Miss Arabella von Hofmannsthal (an enthusiast for Chinese fare, but not their scented tea!), Miss Sarah Merton, and Miss Sarah-Jane Corbett, whose coming-out dance the first week in May sets the ball rolling for the real season.

Relief for mothers

From now on I shall refuse to listen to the moans of mothers of débutantes on the expense of dressing their daughters. I went to see the summer collection of Bellville et Cie of Motcomb Street, which was shown in the double drawing-room of a lovely house in Belgrave Square. Here I found that Belinda Bellville (who started this successful business the year after her own débutante season) had designed charming day and



Tom Hustler



Harlip
Miss Susannah S. C. Roskill to Mr. John Stewart Hobhouse. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. Roskill, of Queen's Bench Walk, Temple. He is the son of Sir John & Lady Hobhouse, West Monkton, Taunton

Left: Miss Mary Christine Herridge to Capt. Seymour E. Thistlthwayte. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. H. Herridge, of W. Byfleet. He is the son of the late Mr. A. D. & the Hon. Mrs. Thistlthwayte

evening dresses for young girls, which in her boutique include a wool day dress at the reasonable price of 8½ guineas, a long blue and white spotted evening dress for 18½ guineas and an enchanting short evening dress of white piqué, in which any débutante would look chic, for only 10 guineas. There are more expensive clothes, but she had a wide range of the less expensive from which girls could choose.

Among the older members of the audience I saw Lady Shawcross (who always dresses so well), Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, Mrs. Boyle and her daughter Karina, Belinda Bellville's mother the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, Lady Cross and Mrs. Tom Berington with her daughter-in-law Mrs. Tim Berington. Younger people present included Mrs. "Sandy" Gilmour and her sister Miss Susan Berry, the Hon. Iris Peake, Lady Sarah-Jane Hope, and Miss Dawn and Miss Verity Lawrence no doubt looking at trousseau clothes; Miss Verity Lawrence is getting married at the end of this month.

They missed the fun

Chicken-pox, which kept Prince Charles in bed and prevented him from being with his mother and sister at Windsor Castle for the first couple of weeks of his holidays, has been a fashionable complaint this spring. I went to a children's party arranged to raise money for the endowment fund of Benenden School for girls in Kent, held in Sir Alfred Bossom's home in Carlton Gardens. Here I learnt that Lady Barbara Bossom (who was on the committee for the party) was herself in bed with chicken-pox and her children also had the complaint. Mrs. John Walford, another member of the committee, was there herself, but her children were missing owing to the same prevalent chicken-pox. I met Lady Haaking and her elder daughter Sandra, who is possibly going to Benenden, and Lady Primrose, a "Senior" (term for "Old Girl" at Benenden), who brought her enchanting three-year-old daughter the Hon. Lucy Primrose. She was fascinated, like the other children, by the treasure hunt and conjuror.

Others who came to support this effort were author Cecil Wood-Smith's daughter Mrs. B. B. W. Goodden, another "Senior,"

who brought her own children with a party of 15 young friends. Mrs. Anwyl Davies brought her daughter Anne, who is going to Benenden, and Mrs. Fitzgerald-Moore (who like Mrs. Geoffrey Rose, Lady Primrose and Mrs. Dalrymple, worked hard running the party) had her small daughter Penelope with her. Mrs. Rose's two sons were also there, Martin the elder one helping the conjuror in one of his acts. Two of the founders of Benenden School, Miss Sheldon, who only retired four years ago, and Miss Bird also came along to this children's party.

A party in Belgravia

I left this event to go to a cocktail party given by Madam Zulfear, who is a charming hostess and gives some of the most amusing parties in London in her Belgrave Square home. The day after this one she was off to spend a month in Paris, where her son is studying international law and languages.

I met a number of friends, including the elegant and charming Princess of Berar, and the Rt. Hon. Anthony Nutting, looking bronzed and just off to the Middle East to work on a book he is writing. Also Rafaelle Duchess of Leinster back from visiting her mother in America, Mr. David & the Hon. Mrs. Bowlby (the latter looking lovely in a black suit), Brig. & Mrs. Stone, the Hon. Anthony & Mrs. Samuel, hopeful of having a good season with their racehorses, Mrs. Niclass Tollenaar, whose husband was away in Holland, and Major & Mrs. Patrick Telfer-Smollet who told me they were busy moving into a house in Chelsea (I hope this means we shall see them down from their home in Scotland more often).

Others there included the Hon. Hugh Fraser, M.P., & the Hon. Mrs. Fraser, Major Stanley Cayzer the popular joint-Master of the Warwickshire hounds who have just concluded a successful season, Mr. & Mrs. Antony Norman and Mr. John Tillotson.

Brothers escorted sisters

Miss Belinda Curling, wearing a short white piqué dress, was an efficient little hostess at one of the gayest débutante cocktail parties this month. It took place in Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas Kaye's charming flat

in Hyde Park Gardens which opens out on to the gardens. This was essentially a young people's party and the only grown-ups there were Mr. & Mrs. Kaye, Belinda's parents, Lt.-Cdr. & Mrs. Bill Curling, and her uncle Sir Anthony Bonham. Her young brothers David (who is at Eton) and Christopher (at a preparatory school) were there to enjoy the party at which there were a number of brothers and sisters. Among them were Mr. Peter Barbor and his sister Diana, a pretty blonde girl who is coming out this season, Mr. John and Miss Philippa Granville, Mr. Benjamin Gough and his débutante sister Thalia, Mr. Peter Hill-Wood and his sister Rachel, who comes in the category of ex-débutantes, and Mr. Tom Blackwood Murray and his sister Avice who are both over from South Africa.

Sir Mark Palmer escorted Miss Caroline Abel-Smith, a pretty girl with an enchanting personality whom I had also met earlier in the day at Peta-Carolyn Stocker's Chinese luncheon, where Belinda Curling was also present.

Among other young people at Belinda's party were Mr. David Dimbleby (son of the B.B.C. commentator), Miss Dorothy Abel-Smith, Mr. Charles de Selinecourt (he was one of Sceptre's crew last summer), Miss Jane des Voeux, Mr. John Festing, Miss Sandra Fleming, Mr. Ian Scott and débutante Miss Caroline Shepley Cuthbert and her younger sister Georgina, who like their young hostess are all sailing enthusiasts at Bembridge in the summer.

Diplomats at a housewarming

I went recently to the house-warming cocktail party given by Mr. & Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian in their magnificent Arlington House flat, high up on the sixth floor overlooking Green Park. Mrs. Gulbenkian, who is French by birth and has remarkable taste, has decorated it beautifully and they have made some clever structural alterations. A very large drawing-room leads off the dining-room which makes a wonderful setting for a party. Pride of place over the fireplace is given to an oil painting of Mrs. Gulbenkian driving her two dun ponies in a tandem, with her two fawn coloured poodles scampering along beside the turnout, down a country road.

Among the large number of friends who came to wish Mr. & Mrs. Gulbenkian good luck and happiness in their new home were the ambassadors of France, Spain, Turkey, Belgium, Russia, Germany, Switzerland, the Philippines, Peru, Luxembourg, Denmark, the Lebanon, the Netherlands, Dominica, and of course Iran, as the host is Commercial Attaché at the Iranian Embassy. The Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, General Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, was there, also other diplomatic friends including Mr. & Mrs. Glass, Mr. & Mrs. Archie Ross, Mr. & Mrs. Dennis Wright and Mr. West (all in the Foreign Office), and Sir Michael Wright, formerly our Ambassador in Bagdad, & Lady Wright. As the name of Gulbenkian is such a well-known one in the oil world it was not surprising to find many personalities from this sphere enjoying the party. Among them were Lord & Lady Strathalmond, Sir Neville Gass and Miss Gass, Mr. & Mrs. Paul Anderson, Sir Philip & Lady Southwell,

Other People's Babies



JONKHEER JOHN LOUDON, THE HON. MAURICE BRIDGEMAN AND MR. ARMAND DE GRONCHY.

Others enjoying this good party were Mr. Gulbenkian's nephew Mr. Michael Essyan (his wife was away in Ireland), Mr. & Mrs. Richard de Ayala, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Samuelson, the Hon. Mrs. Marten, Viscount Vaughan, the Marquis & Marquise de Miramon, Sir Dingwall Bateson, Mr. & Mrs. Terence Maxwell, the Hon. Sir Harold & Lady Danckwerts, Lord & Lady Mills, and the Hon. Lady Eccles and her son.

A long-distance toast

The reception rooms of the Japanese Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens were crowded at the reception given by the Japanese Ambassador and Mme. Ohno to celebrate the marriage of the Crown Prince of Japan and Miss Michiko Shoda. Recent portraits of the royal couple, in silver frames, were over the fireplace in the first reception room and all friends present drank their health.

The guests included many members of the Diplomatic Corps. I saw the Soviet Ambassador M. Malik greeting friends, the Philippine Ambassador and his attractive wife, the Indian Ambassador Mrs. Pandit, and Sir Robert Craigie who was for some years our Ambassador in Tokyo. There were members of both Houses of Parliament in the big crowd, where I also saw Sir Gerard & Lady d'Erlanger, their younger daughter Miss Minnie d'Erlanger talking to their host and hostess's pretty daughter Miss Yoriko Ohno, Sir William Teeling, and the Dowager Lady Swaythling.

They crowded the gallery

The Redfern Gallery in Cork Street was crowded for the private view of the first retrospective exhibition since 1938 of the paintings of the late Christopher Wood. Many owners of his works, including the Queen, Mr. Whitney Straight, the Earl of Sandwich, Mr. Michael Wentworth, Admiral Sir Charles & Lady Lambe and Mr. Hardy Amies have lent their pictures, as well as some of the art galleries; there are also a number from the Wertheim Collection (some of these are for sale), and in all there are 100 pictures on view until 8 May.

AMANDA LOUISE AND VANESSA JANE (19 weeks) WITH THEIR MOTHER. THEY ARE THE TWIN DAUGHTERS OF MR. & MRS. MALCOLM NORTHCOTE, EATON SQUARE, S.W.1



MELANIE CLARE (1½ years), DAUGHTER OF MR. & MRS. DEREK HAGUE, DENCHWORTH MANOR, WANTAGE, BERKS



THE HON. KATIA GRENFELL (two years), DAUGHTER OF LORD & LADY ST. JUST, EATON SQUARE, S.W.1

Débutante dance for Miss Susan Montague Fry



Mr. & Mrs. Montague Fry gave the dance for their daughter Susan at Incents, Berkhamsted, their home



The Hon. Penelope Verney-Cave, who is sharing a coming-out dance on 6 June at her parents' home



Miss Jean Ballantyne, daughter of Mrs. H. Ballantyne, will have her dance on 21 May



Desmond O'Neill



Miss Stephanie Todd, débutante daughter of Mrs. H. G. V. Greer, Little Ingestre, Stafford

Miss Virginia Lyon was elected "Miss Biarritz" last year. She lives in Surrey





Van Hallan

Drinks after *Othello* for Sam Wanamaker (who played Iago), Mary Ure (Desdemona) and Paul Robeson (Othello). See Anthony Cookman on page 209



Left: Laurence Harvey dispenses autographs after the play. *Above:* Shani Wallis was in the audience



Diane Cilento was escorted by Sean Connery, the actor

First night for "Othello"
at Stratford-on-Avon

Dancing time

... for the New Forest Hunt
at Rhinefield House

... for the Old
Berkeley at
Halton House
(opposite)



Mr. Alexander Cadogan Beaver
& Miss Jane Durant



Miss Mary Howard &
Mr. Michael Shiel



Miss Marion Moore &
Mr. Richard Mandrake



Above, right: Cdr. & Mrs. North



Mr. Graeme Maclean & Miss Jill Joseph.
There were 250 guests at Rhinefield
House, near Brockenhurst, which was
floodlit for the occasion

Victor Yorke



Mr. David Edwards, Miss Anne
Wells, Miss Judith Howard &
Mr. John Friedberger



The main ballroom of Halton House, formerly owned by the Rothschild family and now the R.A.F. Officers' Mess

Van Hallan



Mr. & Mrs. Boyce Chennells. Supper was arranged in three sittings to cope with all the guests



Mr. H. W. Batchelar, a ball committee member, with Mrs. J. Arnold & Mr. Tony Humbert



Miss Beatrice Caine with F/Lt. J. B. Walton, who is in the R.A.F. Education Branch



Miss Sally Kemp-Gee (centre) the Hon. Malcolm Mitehell-Thomson, and a friend



Major B. L. Loraine-Smith (hon. secretary), Major C. Seymour (race commentator), Mr. Jack Lawrence & Mr. M. Hughes-Hallett (announcer)



Mrs. L. Martin & Miss Ann Sadler, who both rode in the Ladies' Race. The meeting was held at Fox Farm, Stow-on-the-Wold



Sir W. Pigott-Brown, Bt., rode Capt. T. Forster's Struell Well in the Old Etonian Race



Capt. Ronnie Wallace, joint-Master & huntsman of the Heythrop

Point-to-point of the Heythrop Hunt

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. C. PALMER

Miss Gillian Pearce on Mr. David Gandolfo's Gypsy Warning with Miss Lynne Owen & Miss Joyce Franklin, who are both members of the Heythrop



Horse trials at Stowell Park, Glos



Above: Miss Virginia Gilligan, soon to marry England cricket captain Peter May, competed in the open class on Jungle Queen. Top: Major J. N. D. Birtwistle watching the jumping before taking his Murraymint into the ring



Keeping score: Lord Vestey, who lives at Stowell Park, & Miss Susan Martin, secretary of the event

Miss E. Colquhoun, who rode Dear Brutus, & Mrs. R. T. Whiteley, niece of the Duke of Hamilton & Brandon and well-known horsewoman



P. C. Palmer

Soaking for Miss Isabel Touche on Social Welfare, owned by Mr. E. E. Marsh, director of Marsh & Baxter



Mr. John Shedd, hon. director of the trials. In spite of unsettled weather the event drew large crowds



THE THREE HIGH SPOTS OF THE PARIS 1959 SEASON, ALL outside the ordinary seasonal run of events, are listed officially as: the International Horse Show, due between 15 and 21 June; the *Fêtes Populaires de Nuit sur La Seine*, a continuing free-for-all with fountains, arc-lights and fireworks; and the international flower show, called *Les Floraliés*, which is already taking aromatic shape and lasts from this Friday until 3 May.

The flower show, which is to be visited by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, is a new and gigantic venture evolving in a fine Gallic mixture of poetry, philosophy and commercial vision. Among the stated objects of the *Floraliés* are to develop a taste for plants and flowers (the exhibition is especially aimed at women) and to bring home to French people "whose existence is often excessively mechanized, the happy influence on their moral equilibrium, their courtesy and their serenity which can result from living in an harmonious countryside, with a pretty garden around the house and an agreeable display of plants and flowers around an apartment."

The show will be spread over five levels of the new *Palais du Centre National des Industries et des Techniques*. This is a pretty unforgivable label for any building, but I feel better knowing that the place will start life with a flower show. It is an incredible structure which has been arising for some months on the distant skyline as seen down the Avenue de la Grande Armée from the Arc de Triomphe. Already installed in offices there when I visited it (walking prudently among the bulldozers), was Monsieur Robert Joffet, the conservator of the gardens of Paris and an authority on the contrived landscape and the urban garden. M. Joffet is planning the exhibition together with a committee and though there seemed to be a staggering amount of work to be done he was in excellent spirits.

M. Joffet is said to know every tree in Paris and to mention with regret that such-and-such an elm was damaged during a car accident some years ago. The reference books show him to have won six Croix de Guerre—which implies that while now his life may be roses roses all the way he has known his share of poppies! During a career as an engineer he turned to flowers as a means of decorating the engineering projects he executed. Gradually he moved over to floral decoration as an engineering problem in itself. He has a friendly, almost personal, feeling for his flowers and could clearly be counted on to be kind to the delinquent daffodil which strayed out of line. He is particularly pleased to be renewing acquaintance with the British royal family, having helped its members to plant trees in the British Embassy gardens. He struck me as being an uncommonly happy man.

The statistics of the *Floraliés* are mind-boggling. Flowers worth some £450,000 will be on display in nearly 90,000 square yards of space, 2,000 of them being under glass. Exhibits in the international section will come from Japan, China, Brazil, Colombia and Iran as well as parts of Africa and from many closer countries. A million visitors are expected in the ten days of the show. Forty-five special aircraft have been booked from London and cut flowers will be replaced here by air during the exhibition. Other special aircraft will fly from New York and Bogota, Colombia.

In the British exhibit, some 80 gardens from all parts of the United Kingdom will be represented. These include Windsor Castle gardens, from which will come 30 cymbidiums—though neither I nor the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* can tell you exactly what they are. The arranging of the display is falling largely on a committee of the Royal Horticultural Society of which the president is the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, brother of the Queen Mother. At the Paris end, Mr. Stanley Major, who directs the British Travel Association's offices in the Place Vendôme, is being cheerfully involved in much organization connected with liaison and the transport of precious British exhibits, most of which are expected to be back in unblemished good looks for the Chelsea Flower Show.

For the programme, M. Joffet has selected a number poem for each of the exhibits, and looking through it I am left with no doubt that French poets have written with rare charm on this subject. For the British section the selected piece is: "Oh, to be in England now that April's there." Not bad . . .

Meanwhile there continues a particularly restful exhibition of spring flowers at the Parc de Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne. It is a delightful place to visit this spring since a spell of fine weather has brought the gardens on early. (Indeed they are worth a visit almost any time of the year, except on sunnier Sundays when the same thought will have occurred to what seems half the population of Paris.) These gardens have a long romantic history and many lovely women (kept) have walked its lawns pondering on the inconsistency of rich lovers and what is to be done to put a stop to it.

Apart from that—and flowers seem to do well on *soucis d'amour*—

Fabulous FLOWERS...

fabulous PEOPLE...

St. John Donn-Byrne reports

from Paris on the world's

greatest flower show, opening this week



Under this vast concrete canopy (above) the 'Floraliés Internationales' will be held. Right: M. Robert Joffet. He is "said to know every tree in Paris"



"You can see some of these different kinds of lamp-posts in Paris"



... and from 'This is Paris' by M. Sasek, a new-style full-colour travel book*
meant for children but likely
to delight adults too . . .



"This lady is called a concierge. She is a sort of guardian angel and there is one for every house in Paris"

fabulous SKETCHING . . .

*PUBLISHED THIS WEEK BY W. H. ALLEN & CO. LTD., AT 12S. 6D.

there is a strong English connection. Lord Chesterfield used to go there to see pretty Madame de Montconseil, who was given to intrigues on a high courtly level. The Marquess of Hertford bought the place in 1835 and died in the château in 1870. He left it all to Sir Richard Wallace, of the Wallace Collection and the nearby Boulevard Richard Wallace. Sir Richard also died there. Perhaps in all the coming and going of flowers and uneasy lovers, the saddest phase was when around 1812 the discarded Empress Josephine would go there to walk with the little King of Rome, the son that she herself had not been able to give Napoleon. The gardens are most helpfully signposted. One such reads, with the same typographical emphasis: "NARCISSES, TULIPES, TOILETTE, SORTIE."

In the floral world of France one of the two foremost names is that of Vilmorin, a family descended from a brother of Joan of Arc. It has operated a firm of seed merchants and nurserymen for some 200 years. The present effective head is André de Vilmorin. His sister Louise de Vilmorin writes exquisite, filigree novels such as *Madame de —*. His sister, Countess Mapie de Toulouse-Lautrec writes practical, kitchen-y, cookery books. The countess is married to a distinguished French admiral and is thus sister-in-law to Raymond, Count de Toulouse, present head of that great family.

Less than ten years ago, the countess (who is a grandmother) began writing social notes for the magazine *Femina*. This led to her being asked to contribute something on food. She is now an authority on cooking and a sympathetic mother-figure to thousands of hard-pressed French housewives who have difficulties in keeping their husbands gastronomically content. It is for this group that her articles in *Elle* (the popular woman's magazine) are angled. The countess also lectures and demonstrates, and recently took part in a B.B.C. television programme. Her knowledge, zest and hats are all as large as is her understanding and sympathy for the modern wife. My

own wife being a cousin of the admiral, we lunched with them the other day and I went along with a distinct technical interest in what we were going to eat.

The meal was admirably planned, or arrived at, and I would recommend it to anyone having a small luncheon party on an over-warm spring day. Herewith the menu:

Oeufs brouillés à la Tomate with Feuilleté.

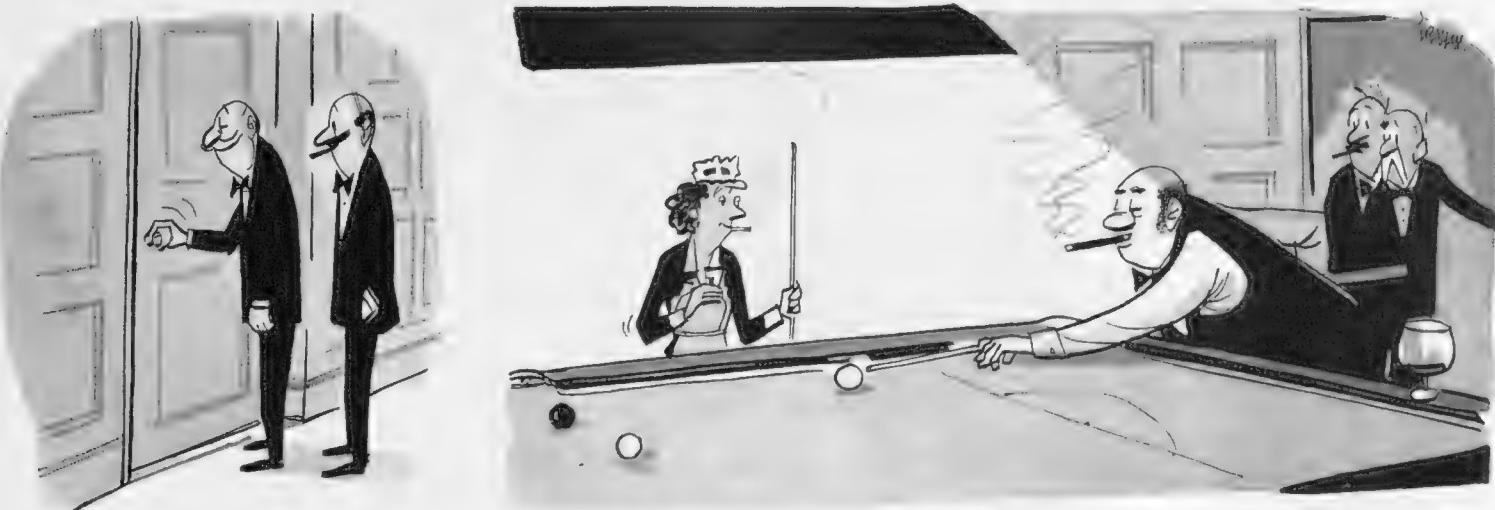
Boeuf mode à la gelée, with French fried potatoes and salad cheese.

Tarte Tatin (a dish from "Sologne," the tart made with apples is cooked upside down in the pan, the result being that it comes out with a thick layer of caramel on top).

More on food: among the many eating and drinking societies with a serious standing in French life, there is a *Club des Gourmettes*, which is strictly for women and geared to the high aim of keeping alive the traditions of French cookery together with a taste for good wine. The president is the delightful Madame Charpentier, widow of a French diplomat who spent part of his service in London. One of her sons was recently French Ambassador in Greece and another is a member of the French Parliament. She told me that the *Gourmettes* owed their existence to an American, Madame Ettlinger, who rebelled against the fact that wives were not invited to a dinner given for King George V at the Quai d'Orsay some 30 years ago.

Madame Ettlinger organized other wives to give exactly the same menu, wines and all, cooked by the same chef, at a house in the Avenue Foch some days later—no men invited. Madame Ettlinger is now dead. The club meets twice a month and selected members prepare a meal for the others with the help of a chef. Young wives are especially welcome. But Madame Charpentier explains in a delightful, philosophic way that many of their members are now restricted by diets as to what they can eat.

BRIGGS by Graham





Ida Kar

RESEARCH Mrs. Edward Lambton, whose book, provisionally entitled *Phone For The Fish-knives*, has just reached her publishers, is now in America collecting material for another. Her first (the title is a quotation from a Betjeman poem) is a satire on English society—the second will deal with American. Mrs. Lambton's husband helps his mother at Newmarket where she owns a stud

RETIREMENT Dame Regina Evans is retiring from the chairmanship of the women's section of the British Legion after 11 years of office. On 6 May, The Princess Royal, patroness of the women's section, will make a special presentation to Dame Regina at the Albert Hall, on behalf of the 3,218 branches. Dame Regina is also chairman of London Hostels for Young People and a member of the Lord Chancellor's Tribunal on War Pensions

Desmond O'Neill




NEWS PORTRAITS

RESPONSIBILITY Mr. Philip Dowson has been appointed the British associate of Danish architect Professor Arne Jacobsen, recently commissioned to design St. Catherine's College, Oxford. Mr. Dowson, who was responsible for the Somerville College extensions, is an associate of Ove Arup & Partners. St. Catherine's College is to be built in Holywell Great Meadow. The opening is scheduled for 1961, when about half the buildings will be ready



RECOGNITION Mr. Hughston Maynard McBain, 57, a director of Marshall Field and of the First National Bank of Chicago (where he represents the Scottish Council, Development & Industry), has been granted recognition as chief of the McBain clan by Lord Lyon King of Arms. Mr. McBain—now the McBain of McBain—spent ten years proving his lineage. He and his wife (above) are in Inverness-shire, where they hope to buy land previously owned by McBain ancestors



RETROSPECT Mr. Henry Sherek, who since the war has presented more than 105 plays in the West End and New York, next week publishes his autobiography *Not In Front Of The Children*. The title is not descriptive of the contents—it was a favourite phrase of his mother's. Mr. Sherek is an enthusiastic collector of *objets d'art*. This display at his Mayfair house is of 18th-century *Sèvres Biscuit*. Next Sherek venture *All In The Family* with Wendy Hiller, is due in London in June



ENGLISH street sign, French newspaper, American-style car—typical Montreal combination, seen here in the Sanguinet Street district



FRENCH restaurant in Sherbrooke Street (above) in a newer, smart area and (right) houses with outside staircases in traditional French style in an older part of the city



Montreal



Cover picture of the Queen and Prince Philip was taken by Donald McKague for the Canadian Government in connection with the forthcoming Royal Tour

WHERE THE QUEEN WILL OPEN THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY *Pictures by Stephanie*



SUMMER DAY. A young girl suns herself. Temperatures are high from June onwards

THE SOHO or "Left Bank" district has many cafés and open-air restaurants

BUSTLING, PROSPEROUS MONTREAL, IS CANADA'S largest city (and seventh largest in North America). It will take a new surge ahead this summer when on 26 June the Queen opens the new St. Lambert Lock there, completing the St. Lawrence Seaway link with inland Lake Ontario.

The modern city with its 16 miles of harbour and 10 of wharves, stems from the Indian settlement on an island in the St. Lawrence discovered 400 years ago by the French navigator Jacques Cartier. Today the island (30 miles long by about eight broad) has a population of 1,620,000. Two-thirds are of French origin—next to Paris, Montreal has the largest French-speaking community in the world. Residential areas are often sharply divided, but business and shopping centres are bilingual.

International trade streaming up-river from the Atlantic, combined with exports from Canada's own bounding economy, has built Montreal into the nation's chief seaport.

Heavy traffic crowds the 13 bridges connecting with the mainland. Summers are hot, but in winter there is skiing on Mount Royal and in the nearby Laurentians, tourist mecca for Americans and Canadians alike. Their number may soon be doubled by European winter-sports enthusiasts now that only 10½ hours separate London from Montreal by Comet flight.



Montreal *concluded*

NOTRE DAME de Bonsecours, known as the sailors' church, is a landmark to shipping in the St. Lawrence. Below: Window shutters are typically French in the older parts of Montreal



FRENCH BOUTIQUE, one of several in Montreal's West End which, although in a mainly English-speaking district, announce their wares in French with an English translation for "the tourists"

The Social Alphabet

G



for game to the last

*Parties are always meek-and-mildish,
Parties are always just the same,
So let's be really thoroughly childish,
Let's have a lovely party game!*

*Two in the middle and circle round them,
Think of the name of a pygmy goat,
Look for the sweets, and when you've found them,
How many epitaphs can you quote?
Funnier still when you draw them wonky . . .
Form two teams, according to sex . . .
All say "Glug!" when I point to the Donkey . . .
Tie the balloons around your necks . . .
Faster, faster, just for a recap . . .
Get to the door in diagonal hops . . .
Kiss your next-door neighbour's kneecap . . .
Imitate worms when the music stops . . .
Here is a nursery rhyme to dance to . . .
Hide your eyes, and none of you look,
Hide your eyes—it'll give me a chance to
Tiptoe away and
Read my book.*

Francis
Kinsman



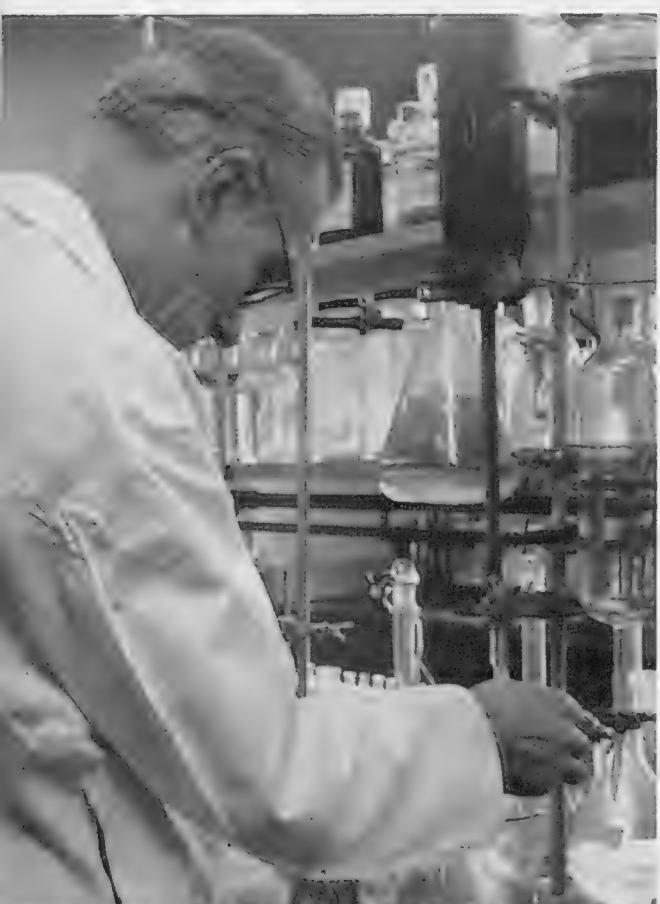
Prof. Sir James Paterson Ross, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, dictates to his secretary

The Royal College of Surgeons

in exclusive photographs by **GERTI DEUTSCH**. The college has just launched a £3,000,000 expansion programme



An array of skeletons (including the famous Irish giant) forms a daily background for Miss Jessica Dobson, curator of the Hunterian Museum. Begun by John Hunter (1728-93) the museum, despite bombing losses, is still one of the most complete medical collections in the world



Top: Graduate students in one of the research laboratories. *Above:* In the biochemical laboratory a technician conducts an experiment

The workshop attached to the department of anaesthetics. Here students design and fashion their own surgical instruments. The heart-lung machine was developed in the college

After-lecture time in the pillared foyer of the college. All races in the British Commonwealth are represented among the College's students

Two students study in the Wellcome Museum. Its collection of specimens includes this sectioned head



DESPITE AN ANCIENT HISTORY DATING BACK TO medieval times the Royal College of Surgeons tackles its problems, both medical and administrative, with the most advanced techniques. Needing money or new buildings, equipment and wider research (it receives no Government research grant) the college has sought the help of professional public-relations advisers in launching a £3,000,000 appeal. To give the appeal a send-off *Life in Emergency Ward 10*, a film based on the TV serial, was premièreed before a distinguished audience in the college's panelled Great Hall, complete with handouts and Press facilities. Tomorrow the college is due to be featured on TV.

Bombed during the war and still being rebuilt, the College is in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It at present receives every year 1,000-odd doctors from Britain and the Commonwealth. They come to study for the degree

The Royal College of Surgeons *continued*

Up-to-the-minute methods for an ancient institution

of Fellow (F.R.C.S.). Students are examined by a Court of Examiners, a body tracing descent from the Courts of the Surgeons and the Barber Surgeons' Guilds of the City of London, which were united in 1540. A painting by Holbein in the Great Hall depicts Henry VIII presenting the Act of Union. A Royal Charter was granted in 1800 by George III, and the present Queen (like her father) has the title of Visitor to the College.

On the research side work is continuous in six departments ranging from anatomy to dental science. Problems under investigation include the causes of coronary thrombosis and diseases of the brain. Research workers impart their findings to the college's professors, who in turn teach the graduates studying at the college. They duly take back the know-how of safer surgery and more effective operations for hospital patients.

Prof. David Slome lectures on physiology in the Great Hall, built in 1953. The Queen laid the foundation stone





A valuable Stubbs painting forms a backcloth for a conversation between Sir Reginald Watson-Jones, the orthopaedic surgeon, and Sir Archibald McIndoe, the plastic surgeon, who is a vice-president of the College



The newest addition to the College is the department of Anaesthetics. Here Professor Ronald Woolmer adjusts a piece of equipment

The Royal College of Surgeons

continued

Rembrandt's *Lesson In Anatomy* recreated: Professor G. W. Causey demonstrates a dissection to a group of students. The Anatomy department is concerned with developing the Hunterian Collection





The Council gathers in the panelled Council Room. *From left:* Sir Reginald Watson-Jones, Sir Arthur Porritt, Sir James Paterson Ross (the president), Sir Eric Riches, Professor Charles Wells, Mr. F. W. Holdsworth and Mr. T. Holmes Sellers. *Below:* Sir Stanford Cade, noted for his work in the field of cancer



Teatime at the College. In the foreground is Mr. A. Dickson Wright, a vice-president. *Behind:* Professor Charles Wells. Development plans for the College include new laboratories which will increase the total accommodation by over 50 per cent



Dominating the library, which houses a fine collection of medical and scientific books, is a bust of surgeon Erasmus Wilson, who brought over Cleopatra's Needle



A prince dies ... tragedy after last sittings to Graham Sutherland

Exclusive photographs
by FELIX MAN



Prince Max zu Fürstenberg was entertaining the Graham Sutherlands at his Schloss Fürstenberg (in the Black Forest) when he died suddenly. He had shortly before received from Mr. Sutherland a portrait that greatly pleased him. These exclusive pictures were taken at the Schloss by Felix Man. Top (left to right): Prince Schwarzenberg, Princess Fürstenberg, Mrs. Sutherland, the late Prince Max, and Graham Sutherland. Left: The prince during a sitting. Above: Mr. Sutherland at work with the portrait and some sketches in oils

VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records

THE TATLER & Bystander
22 April 1959 **209**

Robeson's Othello fights against odds

THEATRE
by Anthony Cookman

MR. PAUL ROBESON is unlucky with *Othello* in this country. At the Savoy in 1930 he had an exquisite Desdemona in the young Miss Peggy Ashcroft, but his splendidly youthful vigour wasted itself against a wholly inadequate Iago and a perverse production. He has encountered much the same handicaps for the second time. Coming in his maturity to open the 100th season at Stratford he finds himself thwarted at every turn by a production more concerned to exhibit its own brilliance than to help to establish the kind of *Othello* that this particular actor is peculiarly suited to play.

It would be useless to pretend that the years have brought Mr. Robeson any nearer to mastery of the rhythm of Shakespearian verse; and with the verbal poetry not fully under control he has necessarily to discard some important aspects of the character. He can hardly be expected to suggest, for instance, the rare quality of jealousy which rises above the angry mortification of a deceived husband and draws its justification from the moral shock of discovering that a woman he deemed the embodiment of perfect purity is as "haggard" as any other wife.

But if many of the subtleties of the verse escape him his voice still has an imposing volume, and Mr. Robeson cannot help conveying a nature that is instinct with generosity and is, in its own way, on easy terms with nobility. And the greatest advantage of his defects in this part is that he is a black man. The white actor playing *Othello* must do what he can to make the audience feel that his blackness is more than the mere painting of the skin. Mr. Robeson has no need to simulate pride of race. It is something that he was born with; and the racial difference between the general who is indispensable to the Venetian grandes is a vital part of *Othello's* tragedy.

It works both ways. The black general may win great victories for the army of Venice; he will always be alien to its society—and he knows it. He has won a daughter of the aristocracy, but he is well aware that he has made powerful enemies by doing so and he is half afraid that, deeply as Desdemona stirs his senses, he may not after all understand this wonderful white woman. It is this instinctive mistrust of her and of his own judgment that Iago suspects and fosters with devilish malignity.

This is the kind of tragedy that Mr. Robeson tries to bring to realistic life, and if he fails it is not for lack of stage assurance and not for lack of richness of tone and feeling but because his Desdemona and his Iago work steadily against him. The Desdemona he needs is such a one as Miss Margaret Johnston played at Stratford a few years ago—a high-spirited aristocratic girl, quite capable of provoking the social shock of the marriage and keeping her Venetian airs and graces



so long as they were viable, and wearing an aristocratic dignity to the end. Miss Mary Ure's Desdemona belongs to quite a different stratum of society. She is a wife whose tarty airs and graces make Iago's task all too easy.

To make matters worse for Mr. Robeson's reading of *Othello*, Mr. Sam Wanamaker, instead of concentrating on the racial differences between the general and his wife, treats his victim as a clumsy matador treats a bull. He dances all round him sticking in darts wherever he can and during the epileptic fit celebrates his own skill by doing a dance of triumph for the audience's benefit. We should never guess that the strength of the real Iago is that everyone, even his cynical wife, trusts the rascal. We would not trust this slick shyster a yard. The net result is that Mr. Robeson's *Othello*, though occasionally exciting, never once touches the heart; and an *Othello* who does not touch the heart must be considered a failure.

Mr. Tony Richardson and his stage designer, Mr. Loudon Sainthill, bring off between them some striking stage effects. They are pictorial rather than dramatic, and, pictorially considered, rest too much on the sudden prickling of pitch darkness by torches and fireworks. The most successful of these effects is a moonless Venice out of which the alarmed Brabantio suddenly appears in a lighted gallery with no chance of identifying the taunting Iago lurking below in the pitch darkness. The worst of them poises Desdemona's bedroom in mid-air which brings to needless confusion *Othello's* death scene. And Mr. Richardson apparently has yet to learn that, though brilliant chiaroscuro can be made out of blackness, actors who have to act in it are invariably hard to hear.

It comes to life at the funeral

WHEN IT FIRST APPEARED, in the far-off days before the war, Miss Fannie Hurst's novel, *Imitation Of Life*, may have struck its readers as a reasonable facsimile of, or desirable substitute for, the real thing. I do not think the current film, though lavishly presented, will have anything like that effect. Whether due to the passage of time or to the fact that Miss Lana Turner is called upon to play a top-flight actress, it seems at best highly artificial and at worst totally out of touch with the

CINEMA
by Elspeth Grant

THE PLAY:

Othello

Paul Robeson
Mary Ure
Sam Wanamaker
Angela Baddeley

THE FILMS:*Imitation of life*Lana Turner
John Gavin
Sandra Dee
Juanita Moore
Susan Kohner
dr. Douglas Sirk*Life in emergency ward 10*Michael Craig
Dorothy Alison
Wilfrid Hyde White
David LodgeDorothy Gordon
dr. Robert Day*The last temptation*Anna Magnani
Eleonora Rossi DragoPiero Boccia
dr. Mario Camerini*Like father like son*Vittorio De Sica
Franco Interlenghi
dr. Mario Monicelli

Clinical detail from Life In Emergency Ward 10: Wilfrid Hyde White examines an X-ray plate, watched by Michael Craig as the hospital registrar

various problems that it purports to discuss.

On the face of it, this is a success story which could be called "From Cold-water Flat to Connecticut Mansion"—but the dazzling stage career of the ambitious widow played by Miss Turner brings her, despite every modern convenience and a vast variety of mink-trimmed negligées, no real happiness. She is so busy getting ahead that she lets her lovers slip through her fingers and neglects her teen-age daughter, Miss Sandra Dee—who falls in love with Mr. John Gavin, a good-looking chap in her mother's age group: he has been for many years mad about Miss Turner and what Miss Dee doesn't realize is that Miss Turner is mad about him, too, and has decided, in her monumental selfishness, to marry him some day.

Poor little Miss Dee—at least I suppose one is meant to feel sorry for her, though she's the kind of gushingly ebullient girl that bores me to sobs—has nobody to confide in except her mother's devoted coloured housekeeper, Miss Juanita Moore, who gives her tender and sound advice though worrying herself to death over her own daughter, Miss Susan Kohner, a handsome, fiery creature sufficiently light-skinned to pass for white.

Miss Turner, drifting graciously about the place and paying patronizing visits to the kitchen to beam on the hired help, has apparently no clue that trouble is on the way. When it arrives—Miss Dee determines to leave home, Miss Kohner breaks Miss Moore's heart, and Miss Moore dies—we are treated to a display of hysterical distress that is really embarrassing. At the funeral service for Miss Moore, a Miss Mahalia Jackson who produces superb, rolling organ tones from a mouth like a mobile mammoth cave of Kentucky, sings a throbbing Negro spiritual, "Trouble Of The World": this is the best moment in the picture—and it takes two hours to get to it.

Persons addicted to the TV series upon which *Life In Emergency Ward 10* is more or less based, and whose ears prick with delight at the mention of a "congenital heart block," a "ventricular septal defect" and things of that nature, will be happy as bees with this competently written and well-played piece. It contains the usual ingredients—a spot of professional jealousy (between Messrs. Charles Tingwell and Michael Craig), a budding romance (between Mr. Craig and Miss Dorothy Alison), and a touch of drama when an anxious couple (beautifully played by Miss Dorothy Gordon and Mr. David Lodge) must decide whether or not to let Mr. Wilfrid Hyde White, a brilliant surgeon, operate on their eight-year-old son for that condition popularly known as "a hole in the heart."

It is my considered opinion that Signorina Anna Magnani is the greatest film actress of today. Certainly she makes the modest Italian film, *The Last Temptation*, the one I would urge you to put first on your list of "musts." I do not usually care to see actresses pretending to be nuns (any more than I enjoy watching actors pretending to be surgeons), but I can unconditionally accept and applaud Signorina Magnani as Sister Letizia—a nun under whose habit beats a yearning maternal heart.

She is sent from Rome to close down a decaying and almost destitute convent on an impoverished island in the Gulf of Naples where the children steal to eat. Sister Letizia takes a warm interest in the children, especially in an unwanted little boy (Piero Boccia) whose case is tragic: his widowed mother (Signorina Rossi Drago) and her lover (Signor Antonio Cifariello) plan to marry and go to America—but the man refuses to accept the boy.

So strong are Sister Letizia's pity and love for the sad little urchin that she defies her Mother Superior and, with the help of the local fishermen, converts the convent into a school for small, neglected children: her secret hope is that Piero Boccia's

mother will entrust him entirely to her—but when the moment comes Sister Letizia is capable of the act of renunciation she feels to be her duty. Signorina Magnani is one of the few actresses whose grief can move me to tears—and here I wept by the bucketful.

Like Father Like Son is an ambling, amiable little comedy about parenthood, its pleasures and irritation—with a gay performance by Signor De Sica as an amorous tailor.

Woody Herman goes fair shares

RECORDS by Gerald Lascelles

I SUPPOSE I was as sceptical as any critic who took his seat in the Royal Festival Hall a few weeks ago for the opening concert by Woody Herman and his Herd. This was no ordinary herd. It comprised eight American jazzmen and nine British counterparts. The idea sprang from an earlier visit, when Woody and his band played concerts over here at several American air bases. He told me that half the professional jazzmen in Britain turned up *en masse* to hear him, and he was able to hear some of them in person after the show. Expediency also played its part to promote this interesting combination; owing to the restrictions imposed by the "exchange" of musicians between England and the States, the only possibility was for an eight-piece band to return the visit made by Chris Barber.

The National Jazz Federation decided to invite Mr. Herman to bring the nucleus of a band, to which home-bred musicians could be added to make his normal 17-piece Herd. What made me sceptical was that it seemed to be attempting the impossible to ask the British contingent to perfect the Herman book with only two days' rehearsal before their opening, but my qualms were soon dispelled. The band plays big swing-band music of a consistently high order, with the accent on the blues. In most pieces the American soloists are featured—the biting cornet of Nat Adderley, the brash trombone of Bill Harris, and the fine muted work of ex-Basie lead trumpeter Reunald Jones. Perhaps the biggest surprise of the concert was the emergence of guitarist Charlie Byrd as an outstanding contributor to the solo strength of this group. To my great pleasure, he abandoned the customary electronic devices for a short time, and treated his audience to an exemplary demonstration of classical and jazz guitar-playing as it should be heard.

But do not think that the only voices to raise themselves were from the American contingent. Bert Courtley was well featured in the trumpet section, and both he and reed men Don Rendell and Ronnie Ross acquitted themselves in outstanding fashion. Perhaps the high spot of the concert was the way in which the four-piece reed section romped through the famous Giuffre composition, "Four Brothers," which is arranged to feature the reeds. Another enjoyable piece was Johnny Scott's flute solo and arrangement, "Call of the Flute."

The experiment is a success, and deservedly gives our musicians the chance to prove their worth in company with their American jazz colleagues. I hope it will be the forerunner of many such combinations; full credit should go to Woody for his ability to extract the most from men who have had so little chance to know him or his ways. A fair sample of the American Herd is found on Columbia's recent Herman release.

The first real vocal record by American Ray continued on page 220

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Dressing for days in the tropics

London-made clothes, strongly influenced by fashion developments in France, Italy and America, have ceased to be stamped as irrevocably "English" and now fit naturally into any setting, however exotic. Model Marla Searafia proves the point in these pictures taken against an East African background in the Kenya uplands and the old Arab port of Mombasa. For a visit to Government House in Mombasa she wears

Matita's apple green suit in a slubbed material lined throughout and worn with a printed silk blouse. The straight-cut jacket has a small half-belt fastening in front. Obtainable at Woollards, Knightsbridge; Madame Clausel, Taunton; Elaine, Guildford; price: about 32½ gns. Worn with the suit is a soft green petal hat by Jenny Fischer of Motcomb Street, W.1. The gloves are in Pittard's soft green washable leather



At first light in the grounds of the Outspan Hotel, Nyeri, Marla wears a dress of white woven cotton with leg-of-mutton sleeves and a wide gold leather belt. By Roedliff & Chapman, it can be bought at Fifth Avenue shops and all branches of Whittfields, Wolverhampton; price: about 9½ gns. Gilt chain by Jewelerart. The picture was taken at dawn to avoid the fierce daytime heat of the Nyeri area dominated by the peak of Mount Kenya

DRESSING for days in the TROPICS *continued*

Beside the lily pool at the Mawingo Hotel, Nanyuki, a short evening dress of white satin by Jean Allen embroidered all over with silver thread and diamanté. The straight-cut bodice has two narrow shoulder straps. At Cresta and all branches; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Griffin & Spalding, Nottingham; price: 19 gns. (with matching stole 3½ gns. extra); the white "Jasmine" EMBA jacket—small fur pieces are "musts" after sundown at an altitude of 9,000 feet—made by Calman Links. Mawingo, originally built as a private house by a wealthy Frenchman, is Swahili for clouds





Elegant and practical for tropic evenings another white evening dress, made this time by London Town. The material is heavy guipure lace and the dress has a wide waistline of swathed white satin and shoe-string shoulder straps. On sale at Hunts.

New Bond Street; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh; and Zenith, Torquay; price: about 18 gns. The gloves are of Pittards washable leather and the jewellery by Paris House, South Molton Street, W.1. Chinchilla stole by Calman Links



Dorville's rose printed silk dress and jacket fits naturally into the tropical scene. The dress is lined throughout and worn (*above*) with Jenny Fischer's pale green tulle hat. The jacket (*right*) also fully lined, is loose-fitting and has a wide rounded neckline. The two-piece is obtainable at Adele Davis, Bond Street, London; Edith Dennett: Wilmslow and McDonalds, Glasgow, price: about 32 gns. The pictures were taken in the grounds of the Outspan Hotel, Nyeri, and the tree (*above*) is a flowering poinsettia

DRESSING for days in the TROPICS

continued



Cool and versatile (*right*), Spectator Sports white and navy striped woven cotton suit, short-jacketed and lined with navy silk. At Harrods, London; Finnigans, Wilmslow; and D'Arey's, Chichester, price: about 12 gns. White corded silk beret by Jenny Fischer, Motecomb Street, Pittard's washable white leather gloves. The crowded deck of a Persian dhow in Mombasa harbour (*below*) provides an exotic setting for Polly Peck's sophisticated short evening dress in palest sky-blue wild silk shantung with a cross-over strapless bodice trimmed with bows. The dress (with matching stole not shown here) is at Derry & Toms, London, and McDonalds, Glasgow, price: 16 gns. Pearl and diamanté jewellery by Paris House.

Travel Note: The 300-mile journey from Nairobi to the seaport of Mombasa is a comfortable overnight trip. Powerful locomotives of East African Railways, like the one shown, draw air-conditioned sleeper trains over the Kenya uplands and through big game country to the Indian Ocean port. The train leaves the Kenya capital at 6 p.m. and arrives in Mombasa at 8 a.m.





DRESSING for days

in the TROPICS *concluded*

ght... Nyali Beach stretching for miles along the Indian Ocean, with tall palms swaying above white sand, vies in beauty with the Caribbean. From the Beach several many dancers stroll on a Saturday night along this romantic waterfront. **n** Allen's dress (*left*) is of finely striped navy blue and white nylon, the lace buttoning over the wide sash. At all branches of 18th Avenue; County Clothes, Coltenham; and Murielle, Glasgow. Price: 19 gns.

...and Day... dancing at Nyali often continues until dawn. The swiftly rising sun silhouettes a dancer (*right*) in a dress of black spotted white silk chiffon belted with a great curved belt of white kid. A large red rose makes a colourful crest. The stole is of green fringed paper taffeta. From the Worth Boutique, Grosvenor Street, made-to-measure, 37 gns. Stole 7 gns. extra



In a splash of black and white



Opposite: Nicest compliment you could pay yourself this summer is a silk coat and dress. From Marcus comes a bold, splashy black on white printed silk surah, made into a slender minimum of dress and three-quarter coat. The dress (*above*) is shallow-necked, with a swathed bodice, caught at bust level with a bow, and has a pouched back. Coat and dress at Dickins & Jones; Vincent Williams, Chester; about 40 gns. Added allure: (*above left*) a hat, the prettiest shape of the season, with down-turning brim in milk white organza, tucked widely and bowed with narrow black petersham; 11½ gns. The dazzle of beads, many-stranded, in pearl and blue, costs £3 12s. 6d.; the white nappa bag, with gilt initial plate, £4 19s. 6d.; the marine blue and white necklace (worn above with the dress), £1 19s. 6d., plus a wide white bead bracelet, £1 5s. 6d. All accessories from Dickins & Jones. Photographs by Peter Alexander



Charles is now available on London. His style is a curious blend of Negro poetry and blues imbued with a strong appeal to the general public by its ready acceptance of the more obvious "commercial" facets absorbed by jazz. His instrumental "Blues Waltz" has all the subtlety of the great master; much of his vocal work is nearer to gospel-singing than I had expected. I shall not be surprised if he becomes one of the dominant influences in jazz during the next decade.



*This Copeland porcelain ewer, now at the Victoria & Albert, was shown at the 1851 Exhibition. The panel was painted by Daniel Lucas, Jr. From The Concise Encyclopaedia of Antiques, Vol. IV (*The Connoisseur*, 50s.)*

All cheered Sarah —except G.B.S.

BOOKS by Siriol Hugh-Jones

"SARAH was buried, with almost unexampled splendour, at Père Lachaise, in a simple tomb she had herself designed." This fine sentence, which for me pretty well sums up the whole lunatic but immensely entertaining business of the Legend of the Great Actress of any period, opens the last chapter of Joanna Richardson's lively, luscious biography, *Sarah Bernhardt*.

The Divine Sarah was the flamboyant, tigerish, super-feminine *monstre sacré* of all time, a holy terror of an exhibitionist, a throbbing, roaring, raving egomaniac. Whenever she appeared thousands cheered and went out of their minds, and strong men, unable to bear the strain, left in the middle of her *Tosca*. She travelled around with cheetahs and wolfhounds and a chameleon chained to her shoulder, and kept live snakes, nattily togged up in jewelled rings, for her performance of *Cleopatra*. She moved otherwise perfectly reasonable critics to write gallons of insanely purple prose. At the age of 56 she played *L'Aiglon*, having rehearsed it (believe it or not) for five or six months. In her 60s she played *Joan of Arc* and *Prince Charming* in *The Sleeping Beauty*, while everyone wept uncontrollably and clapped like maniacs. She appeared to touch off some extraordinary mass-hysteria wherever she went. She was the last person ever to wonder why on earth it happened.

Nowadays, when great actresses are often perfectly respectable middle-class ladies who play

down the glamour of their strange art, Garbo is about the only Mysterious Priestess left, and her obsessive evasion of public acclaim is exactly the reverse of Bernhardt's appetite for glitter and dazzle. (She also had an appetite for work, and while in London rehearsed mornings, performed evenings, and gave suburban matinees. Her son said, "Well, what is Mother to do in the afternoons?") So exotic and extinct a bird will either enslave you for ever, or leave you unpersuaded, in spite of admiring the sheer energy of it all. Personally I have a deep ingrained distrust of actresses with golden voices liable to send themselves and everybody else off into a sort of rhapsodic swoon.

This is perhaps why I have a slight resistance to Miss Richardson's intoxicated reaction to Bernhardt. The book, though hypnotic and fascinating, keeps on taking off into the blue of wild, amazed admiration, and sometimes finds it hard to parachute down to earth again. Miss Richardson quotes some of Sarah's crisp, unbesotted notices from Shaw, but one feels it costs her pain. The anecdote that most persuades me of Bernhardt's fascination is Miss Richardson's remark that in America, Sarah once "replaced a tirade by a passionate denunciation of American hotels (no one, even the critics, had understood, and the applause was deafening)." Which seems to me a jolly and sardonic, even if thoroughly unprofessional, little joke.

The book is marvellously illustrated with Sarah looking like Colette, all frizzy hair, narrow mouth and pointed chin, Sarah looking soulful, Sarah looking delectable in her sculptor's narrow trousers and ribboned slippers, like an elegant pierrot, Sarah in what must have been pouter-pigeon corsets under the Due de Reichstadt's uniform, Sarah in surcoat and chainmail as Pelleas flanked by Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Melisande looking poetically bored to tears at her spinning-wheel, and Sarah gazing pussycattishly into the camera, loomed over by a stout, hypnotized sparrow in the person of Lily Langtry.

I enjoyed (if you can call it that) Muriel Spark's bizarre, grimly funny yet compassionate novel *Memento Mori*. It has a funeral-purple jacket that makes it look like a thriller, and is in fact a cunningly constructed book about the glint of will, or fear, or faith, or greed, or malice, that keeps extremely old people alive. To take old age as a theme is already a brave thing in itself. Miss Spark has wit, a cool, sharply intelligent head; and writes a weirdly quiet, well-groomed prose that from time to time delivers a neat rabbit-punch and knocks you gasping on to the floor. In spite of (or perhaps because of) the fact that every word she writes makes me quake with fear, I find her one of the most original talents in this country. She seems to me like someone with a nightmare of her own and also a profound belief of her own, a rum and unsettling combination.

Briefly . . . Richard Condon's *The Oldest Confession* is a racy, glittering, immensely deft and ferocious first novel involving Spanish duchesses, bullfighters, forgers, neurotic aristocrats, mixed-up criminals and the theft of a Goya, no less. Mr. Condon tenderly flatters the reader with his bitter-sweet worldliness and impressive air of absolute authority in about six different worlds. High-class, silk-smooth light reading. . . . *As Though They Had Never Been* by Mark Oliver is a novel about acute poverty in an Italian fishing town where the church cannot help and the children steal or starve. It is all true and appalling. I know, I know. But can it be that this, by now, somewhat recurring novel demands nothing less than a master-novelist, lest we be haunted by the ghost-image of a film to come—wild children, tormented, inadequate priest, lazy good-hearted local tart and all?

THE BOOKS:

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by Joanna Richardson
(Max Reinhardt, 21s.)

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by Muriel Spark
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by Richard Condon
(Longman's 15s.)

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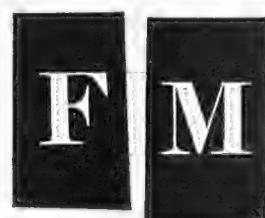
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In the salons, they help to induce it with massage—lovely soothing movements all down the spine to 'undo' the little knots and rest the nerves. Quite frequently, they combine it with a facial treatment—which gives wonderful results. All the fatigue is wafted away from both the body and the face, and you come out feeling good as new.

If you live at a distance, or are too busy to get to a salon, then the next best thing is to do it for yourself at home after a rushing day, and before going out in the evening. You will have to do without the massage, but the rest can be managed quite effectively.

Beauty specialists, and people who have to appear before the public—actresses, concert artistes, opera singers and public figures—will all tell you that the finest way to get the greatest benefit from a brief rest is to lie flat on your back, with your feet higher than your head. This can be done by putting your feet up on a pile of cushions to raise them.

For the facial treatment which can be done while you are resting start, before lying down, by thoroughly cleansing the skin, and then massaging it liberally with skin food. Having done this, lie back and cover the entire face with a large pad of cotton wool, with holes for nose and eyes, wrung out in cold water and sprinkled with skin tonic. Soak two pads of cotton wool in cold water and eye lotion, and place them over the closed lids. Have a small basin of ice cubes within easy reach by your side, and rub over the pads from time to time. This allows the cold to seep gently through to refresh the skin without shocking it.

At the end of the rest, wipe off the skin food with tissues, give the eyes an eye-bath to complete their refreshment, and, before making up, pat a moisturizing cream well into the skin. This will give it a lovely dewy feeling, and keep it radiantly fresh.

Having accepted that rest and relaxation is the basis of any beauty treatment, there are other excellent ways of banishing a tired look, and of smoothing out lines and wrinkles induced by strain. One of the most effective is to use one of the special masques made expressly for this purpose. One, already extremely popular in France, but new to this country, would be well worth trying. Made by Stendhal, it was introduced at a party at Fortnum & Masons, where it is now available, together with a number of other beauty preparations from the same makers. *Masque Royal* is what they call an instant beauty treatment making it exactly right for use before going out to a party. It cleanses the pores deeply, lifts away fatigue, and works extremely quickly.

Another Stendhal product for preventing lines and wrinkles is called *Recette Merveilleuse*. This is derived from rare plants, grown only in the mountains of France. Plant extracts are to be had again in a special *Tonique*, for firming the skin, and activating circulation.

AFTER READING my article last week, on beauty for the debes, one of the mothers said tartly, "debs indeed! It's the mums that need help. Following in the wake of the young throughout the Season is an exhausting business, during which any advice for uplifting the looks is highly acceptable."

Beauty experts agree that putting creams and lotions on the face when one is tired is not enough in itself to revive the looks. Neither is make-up—however skilful—sufficient to disguise the tense look which appears when one has been overdoing it. The finest treatment of all is complete relaxation. This unwinds the tightly strung nerves, gentles the system, makes one look and feel younger.

Because they are convinced of the importance of this, more and more beauty salons are giving special relaxation treatments, during which, in addition to what is done in the salon, the clients are taught how to



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about Tampax ?

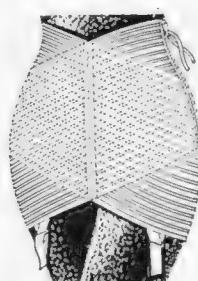
Really there's no mystery about Tampax internal sanitary protection. Learning to use Tampax is about as easy as learning to use lipstick!

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Counter spy

chooses glass, china, antique materials and a six-branch candelabra for a dining-room

Royal Doulton, who say that the demand for really well-made and designed china is on the increase, have produced four new dinner services with tea sets to match. Delicately designed, in Doulton's fine bone china and earthenware, these services are available at most leading London stores. *Richelieu* is in white with a pattern of wavy gold strokes applied in a restrained manner. Price: the complete dinner service about £44 3s. 6d. *Strasbourg* has a rich design of gold and deep red leaves on a white ground and tiny flowers round the edges. Price: complete about £49 14s. 6d. *Glen Auldn* is in a ridged white china, patterned with soft woodland colours. Price: complete about £17 3s. *Damask Rose*, its design explained by its name, has a contemporary air and is in earthenware. Price: complete about £8 18s. 6d. All these prices for the dinner services exclude soup plates or bowls, as Doulton feel customers should be allowed to choose which they prefer.

Arditti & Mayorcas deal exclusively in antique textiles, embroideries, tapestries and carpets, dating from about 1450. The shop is full of rich and sombre colour. They have materials to cover dining-room chairs, or any furniture, and upholsterers who will do this work for clients. There are French, Belgian and English tapestries, the carpets are both European and Persian, and embroideries are European with the accent on England. Separate cushions covered in tapestries or textiles of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries can be bought from £20 to about £100. A skilled staff is available for repairing antique materials and carpets. Arditti & Mayorca are at 38 Jermyn Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

Minette Shepard



Candelabra centrepiece in sterling silver, designed by Count Bernadotte for Jensen (the Swedish silversmiths), New Bond Street, W.1. Price: about £210. The six curving arms are removable, so that fewer branches can be used



Narrow-bowled champagne glass and claret glass from a set of seven by Wuidart. A recent Swedish design, they are long-stemmed and fragile with a simple pattern cut at the centre of the bowls. The glasses shown cost about 17s. 3d. each. From Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, and Hamilton & Inches, Edinburgh



Bone china soup tureen by Wedgwood in a White Columbia pattern. Knots of pink flowers and dulled gold griffins circle the bowl and stand. Price: £13 14s., from Gered, Piccadilly Arcade, W.1, who also have similar solid tureens in all the Wedgwood patterns from about £10. Without their lids they can be used for vases or bulb bowls

Neil Peppé

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New today—the Triumph Herald saloon (right) and the sports coupé

MOTORING

A breakaway in design

by GORDON WILKINS

WHAT IMPROVEMENTS do you hope to find in your next car? Lower service and repair costs? Easier parking? New safety features? Greater riding comfort? Or a return to old-time standards of accessibility for the mechanical parts?

Whichever you choose, the new Triumph Herald, announced today, has something to interest you. In presenting it, Mr. Alick Dick, managing director of Standard-Triumph, said, "Not enough attention is paid to safety, to ease of handling and control, and to the problems of parking . . . the cost of service has increased out of all proportion to the cost of manufacture. Styling alone is of little effect if the mechanical and other features of the car do not meet present-day motoring conditions."

Publicity men try to present every new model as something revolutionary but the new small Triumph really does represent a breakaway from current conventions, which brings in its train a whole string of solid sales arguments.

First of all, it has a separate chassis, not a unit body-chassis structure. The chassis needs no regular lubrication because all greasing points have been eliminated, so there is no need for costly and time-wasting visits to service stations every few weeks. The body panels are easily detachable, so that repairs should be quicker and cheaper in the event of an accident. Accessibility is excellent, for front wings and bonnet swing forward as a unit, giving unrestricted approach to engine, suspension, steering and brakes.

The Herald will spin round like a London taxi in a circle of only 25-foot diameter. So it can thread its way easily through crowded

streets and swing into small parking spaces which would require expert manoeuvring with other cars. A new safety feature is a collapsible steering column, designed to protect the driver's chest from damage in a crash. The column is adjustable for length, and driving comfort is increased by a seat adjustable for height and tilt as well as reach.

All-independent suspension, used for the first time on a small British family car, increases riding comfort, gives extra wheel grip on slippery surfaces and helps towards surer braking. These practical advantages are combined with sleek modern styling by young Giovanni Michelotti. At present there are two models, a two-door saloon and a two-seater coupé.

The engine is the 948 c.c. four-cylinder unit which was used in the Standard 10 and Peasant, which have now gone out of pro-

duction. In the saloon, with single carburettor, it gives 34½ horsepower; in the coupé, with higher compression ratio and twin carburettors, it delivers 42½ horsepower. The gearbox has four speeds and is controlled by a short central lever.

Included in the standard equipment are heater and de-mister, coat hooks, a drop-down parcel basket, a tray on the gearbox for cigarettes or sun glasses, and a fuel reserve tap. Rear seats on the saloon fold down to give through access to the luggage trunk, which also has the usual external lid.

There are two points on which I reserve judgment. On the early examples I saw, the interior finish seemed somewhat Spartan in relation to prices then forecast (ranging round £700 for the saloon and £745 for the coupé, including tax at the new rate). Secondly, the bumpers, which are incorporated in the body panels, and given a painted finish (the over-riders are plated) seem doomed to become scratched or dented and spoil the appearance. There is scope for enterprising accessory manufacturers to produce bolt-on protective strips in light alloy or stainless steel. But I salute the Herald as an exciting and original design which opens up new prospects of pleasurable and economical motoring for small-car buyers.

THE BUDGET: MOTORISTS

CRUSTY OLD CURMUDGEON THAT I AM, I find it impossible to rejoice immoderately over a Budget which condemns us to pay 50 per cent purchase tax on a car 14 years after the war ended. We still have to surrender to the Government about £124 for the privilege of buying a Ford Popular, around £250 for an Austin A.55 and nearly £1,600 for a Rolls-Royce, but over-taxation has become so "normal" that a letter in *The Times* recently complained of the "paltry" taxation on motor vehicles. I cannot help feeling there is something wrong with an allegedly free economic system in which the Government makes from 20 to 40 times as much profit on the sale of

MUST GO ON BORROWING

a car as the manufacturer who built it. The aspiring motorist of moderate means must go on borrowing money at a high rate of interest from hire-purchase companies to pay purchase tax which he could not otherwise afford, thus creating what is known as a property-owning democracy.

Petrol and diesel fuel tax is now so high that it has forced bus fares beyond what many people can pay, but petrol tax cannot be reduced for fear it would encourage more people to own cars. So a back-door method had to be found for helping bus and coach operators by reducing their annual vehicle tax. They already escape purchase tax.

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DINING IN

Scrambled or "jumbled"

by HELEN BURKE

FOR THE MONEY, time and energy expended, eggs are the best all-round food by a long way. For me, there is no better snack than a couple of boiled eggs with a dot of butter added to each spoonful.

"Boiled" eggs? I remember the fuss that was made a few years ago about that word "boiled." Eggs should not be boiled any more than fish should be but there is no one easy word to describe cooking an egg in its shell so that the white is set jelly-like and the yolk, though soft, is cooked to perfection. (Coddle, perhaps?)

"Scrambled" eggs is another unfortunate name and the French term, *Oeufs brouillés*, is no better because the dictionary says this means "jumbled or at variance" which does not describe scrambled eggs to me. Omelets? Many people are afraid of them—that is, making them—so I would suggest scrambled eggs, which are exactly the same mixture. They are easier to make and can have similar additions.

"Scrambled eggs," wrote the late X. M. Boulestin, "to be soft and creamy, must be cooked extremely slowly, well-stirred, on a slow fire. It must be remembered that no milk should be added to the scrambled eggs, and that they should not be over-cooked. The eggs, two for each person, should be seasoned with salt and pepper, beaten with a fork lightly, fairly well but not too much, and this should be done at the last minute only. Meanwhile, the butter is melting slowly in a thick saucepan. Put in the eggs and cook, stirring all the time. As soon as they have reached the right smooth creamy consistency, remove them and stir in a few small pieces of butter. Slow cooking is absolutely essential."

Pelleprat, on the other hand, gives additional advice and allows 2 spoonfuls double cream for 6 eggs. "Well butter a not-too-large pan," he says, "then add the eggs and stand the pan in a *bain marie*." This last is good advice, since it is all too easy to cook the eggs too quickly. So I suggest that the pan

in which the eggs are cooked should stand in hot water, or use a double boiler. You can buy one of just the right size, invaluable for so many dishes.

For 6 eggs, have 1 oz. butter melting in the upper pan, add the beaten eggs and, with one of those wooden spoons with a straight edge, keep going back and forth along the bottom of the pan and around the edges inside so that no separate parts of the eggs build up. When the whole mass is creamy, serve the eggs as you wish.

For a first course at luncheon, I like to serve scrambled eggs in warmed ramekins (almost the most useful first-course containers we have).

I place a surprise item in each ramekin before adding the eggs. These items must be in small pieces since a small spoon is used.

Potted shrimps are wonderful. Heat the contents of a small carton in its own butter, divide the shrimps between the ramekins, and spoon a portion of scrambled egg on top.

Other suggested bases for the eggs are: cooked asparagus tips, cut into pea sizes and turned in butter; sliced chicken liver, gently cooked in butter and well seasoned with salt and a few grains of Cayenne pepper; mushrooms, cooked in butter then sliced. Dark ones can be used as the base, while white ones can be mixed into the scrambled eggs.

And here is the best substitute for an Arnold Bennett omelet I know; warm a little flaked, cooked, smoked haddock in sufficient double cream and place a portion in each ramekin, then top with the scrambled eggs. Or, having warmed the fish in the cream, add it to the almost-ready eggs.

Still further bases for the cooked eggs are slivers of boiled ham or other cooked meats—any savoury food or mixture you like! While I prefer the little ramekins, any of the above dishes can be served in one large one.

Yes, scrambled eggs are much simpler than omelets for beginners, and their food value is the same.



A double boiler is invaluable for many dishes. This newcomer to the Prestige range costs £5 9s. 6d.

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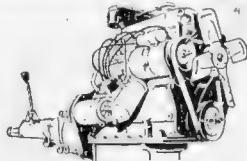
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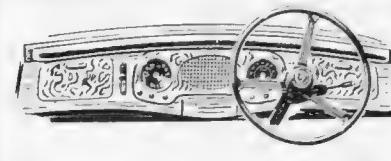
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continued on page 232

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Grain

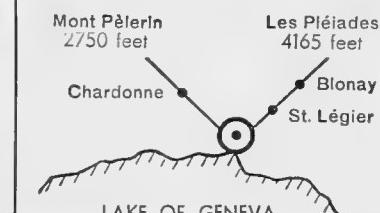
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Classified Advertisements

(Continued from previous page)

HOTELS

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Quaglino's, Bury Street, S.W.1. WHI 6767. C.S. "Quag's" is always worth while. Dancing and cabaret in both restaurants.

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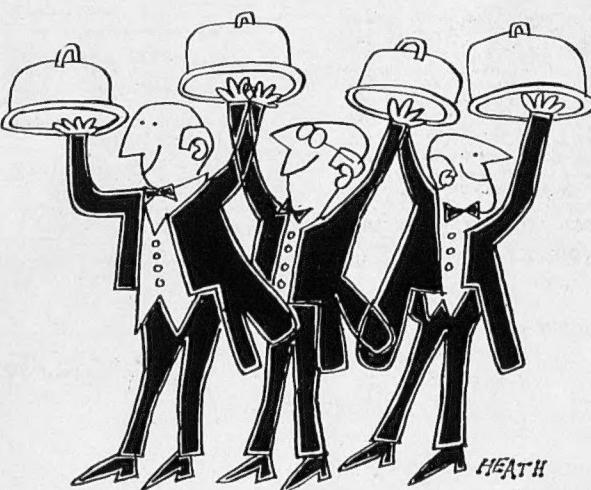
Wellington Club, 116 Knightsbridge, S.W.1. KNI 4521. C.S. First-class restaurant, you can dine and dance till 1 a.m.

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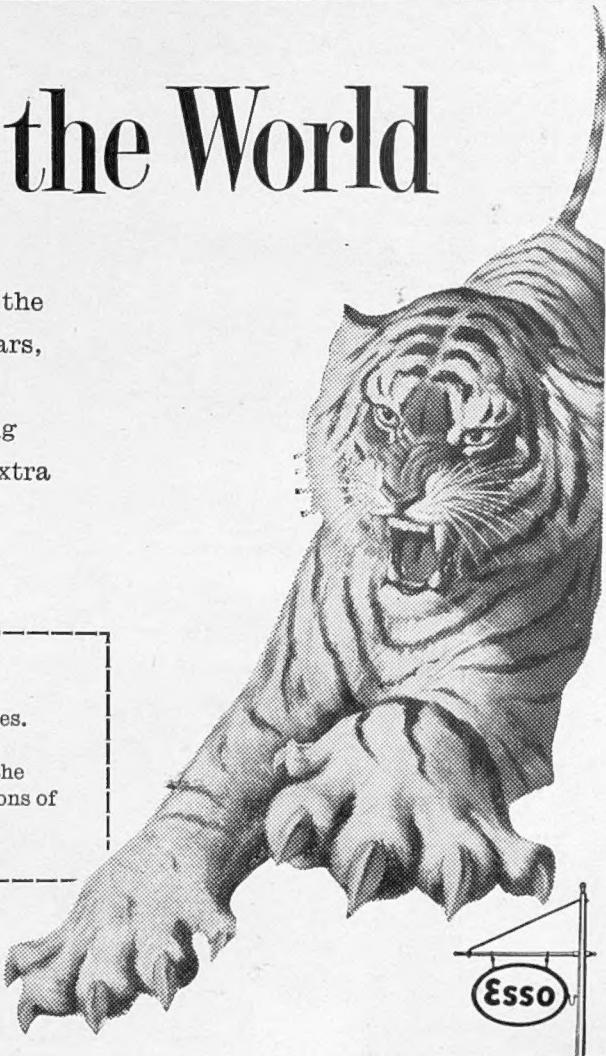
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